

The Port of Call

Bar, Land & Oakes and British Roads, Virginia, to John's house. There's a hole in a your coat. I've to go to bed. A man's coming, you talk to him. An' faith he'll be in it - Hurrah.

PASSENGER SCHEDULE

H. R. & A. Ry.

In effect May 26, 1902

No.	West Bound	East Bound
8:00	Lv. Addison Ar.	8:15
8:20	Lynch Point	8:34
8:30	Summit	8:43
9:00	Dian	9:10
9:25	Big Run	9:39
9:35	Sahabury	9:49
10:00	Fuecy	10:14
10:07	Holley	10:21
10:15	Palmer	10:25
10:30	Holley Junction	10:35

Close connection east and west with B. & O. trains.

GEO. A. HECHMER,
General Manager

JOHN T. McGRATH, President

DR. ERNEST B. HILL, DENTIST

Marlington and Academy, W. Va. Industry practiced in all its branches. My work is strictly first-class and guaranteed. Terms reasonable. Examination and consultation cheerfully given.

For July 7 to 14 at Academy. 15 to 21 at Marlington.

Drs. F. J. and S. C. NEFF, VETERINARY SURGEONS.

Graduates Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto, Canada.

Having the practice of the West Virginia Spruce Lumber Company by the year, one of us will be at Cass, W. Va., every other Thursday. Anytime wishing to consult us, will call at the above named place. Special attention given to all kinds of lameness. All examinations free.

Isaac McNeel of Millpoint, who has been dangerously ill for a week or more, is much better.

Mr and Mrs Jacob Smith of Edray were in Marlington last week visiting the stores.

Mrs Martha Dilley of Dilleys Mill accompanied by her grandson Hecencer was in town early Monday on business matters.

George Rodgers of Beaver Dam reports but little injury from frost on the higher lands of that vicinity reached by air currents.

Mrs John Varner, of Linwood, spent Sunday with her daughter Mrs Hammond Mann, West Marlington, and visited Inframont Cottage also.

Misses Lula Sharp and Icie Hannah, of West Union, paid the Towns office a visit last Friday, and were much interested in printing processes.

Messrs David and Abe McClure were in Marlington Monday. Their sister Mrs S. D. Price of Warm Springs is reported as getting better of her serious illness.

Wm. Wheeler, who came here from Horton to become head sawyer at the Greenbrier Lumber Co's mill, has accepted a like position in the West Virginia Spruce Lumber Company's mill at Cass. Mr Wheeler has lived in Marlington several months and made many friends while here.

G. D. McNeil, who has been employed in the Census Bureau at Washington for several years, and at his father's home near Buckeye. During his spare time he has studied law, and is now ready to go before the State Board of Examiners which will meet in the course of a month or so.

The West Virginia Spruce Lumber Company's mill at Cass is soon to be equipped with a double cut band saw. This new saw only cuts the log as it goes forward but as it returns as well, thus taking up a lot of travel. This is a comparatively late improvement, and adds perhaps two-thirds to the capacity of a mill.

Rev Lowther, Methodist Minister, preached to a fine audience last Sunday night at the Methodist church, from John 16: 7. "The day will I begin to say to you, as the night is here, that they may know that I am with you, so will I be with you." The great reason hereafter, that he requires no more but what his graces will be more than equal to, as concluded to the audience and willing.

Rev Hanson preached Sunday, 3 p. m. at the West Marlington Baptist house to his colored congregation from Mark 16: 7. "What think ye of Christ?" The theme was, "The resurrection of the dead." The service was well attended, and the people were much interested in the sermon and work of the church.

C. A. Monroe Meadows is in Charleston this week upon important business.

A party made up of Charleston and Marlington sportsmen is fishing in the waters of Te Creek.

James Drumheller of Fishersville, Va., is clerking in Diehl Jewelry Store.

Miss Norma E. Bell of Weyersburg, who has been visiting at Anna V. Price went to Lewisburg Wednesday.

Jim Carpenter, the mighty fisherman, came in from McClure's camp Monday with a fine catch of fish, going to the head of Greenbrier to catch trout.

W. G. Matthews, referee in the bankruptcy case of Wm. MacCall bankrupt, was in Marlington Saturday holding a meeting of the creditors.

James Kirkpatrick of Camp No. 5 at Cass, is spending his vacation in Marlington. This is the first time he has been out of the woods since Christmas.

Captain Swecker of Dunmore was in Marlington Saturday. He got a permit to ride freight car wheels. Failing to catch the up-river, he was permitted to stay in town over Sunday, but he walked home.

We had a Pilgrims Progress show at the M. E. Church South Monday night. They had a right large program this week, and assisted with the performance. The show is traveling overland, and came here by way of Cass.

The teachers Institute will be held in Marlington this year commencing August 4. County Superintendent Warwick has secured the services of R. A. Riggs and R. C. Montague as instructors. We had hoped to be able to publish the program this week, but it has not arrived yet.

The members of the negro Baptist church in the Brush (Macedonia) will hold a big meeting July 27, 1902. They are making big preparations, going so far as to import several preachers. There will be dinner on the ground, to which every one is invited. Aunt Angelina Knight is booked to lead the old folks meeting in the afternoon. There will be three sermons, and a big crowd is anticipated.

Our friend R. C. Montague of White Sulphur has been nominated by the Republican party as a candidate for the House of Delegates from Greenbrier County. He has also been appointed instructor of our Teachers' Institute which convenes in Marlington Aug. 4. Mr Montague is a young man the son of an Englishman, and many friends in this county. He takes a lively interest in political, educational, and church work, and is an all round American citizen.

One morning recently Miss Mary Fleming of Lyonsburg, accompanied by Misses Joyce and Stevenson of Montevideo and Misses Ruth Randolph and Lottie Davis of Richmond, went up the noble Edray about two miles from Richmond before breakfast for a boat ride. A mishap occurred, and had it not been for Miss Fleming's heroic endeavors, Miss Davis would have been drowned. Miss Mary is a fine swimmer and rows very skillfully.

Senator McNeil received his commission as postmaster of Marlington this week. He is holding all his attempts to treat until the commission was in his hands, and then he opened his heart and made all welcome. He was given a serenade by the Pocahontas Concert Band upon its introduction into office. Stephen Hinder, the efficient postal clerk, retains his position under the new postmaster. Upon receiving his commission the Senator had to resign several positions of trust, one of which was the majority of the Board of Education. As a result of the Postmaster General's ruling by the Postmaster General deliers all postmasters from holding any remunerative office at the disposal of a political party.

We heard a tale on an old day of Highland County who used his head to advantage when stealing chickens. His name was Newben, and he belonged to a prominent family of Montevideo. One winter season of food and raiment caused him to see the necessity of making his night's work more secure with him in their arms by old master and sold to a neighbor. He was told to put it in the coop, which he did, but immediately took it out again and sold it once more. He then repeated five times, the turkey being its last resting place in the coop from which it started. This is the same Newben who started a fire for the colored Baptist congregation. The bank did a flourishing business until a depressive wave of fire drew out some money, when it was established by the suggestion that a "mugger's bank" should be a whole man County.

W. G. Matthews of Asheville was in town Tuesday regarding the case of the late Mrs. J. P. Henderson, who was killed by a train. He was accompanied by a lawyer, and was in the court this week preparing to defend the case.

UNVEILING MONUMENT

To Commemorate Death on Valley Mounts

July 17, 1902

Attention, ex-confederates

Friends and Everybody Requested to do What they can Towards Making our Dead Soldiers Official Program

At a meeting of Camp Moffett Post, United Confederate Veterans, held at Marlington, April 17th, 1902, the undersigned committee was appointed to arrange a programme for the unveiling of a monument erected on Valley Mt. by comrades, in honor of the Confederate dead buried at that place. All Confederate Veterans, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and Sons of Confederate Veterans are respectfully invited to participate in the exercises on July 17th, 1902, at Valley Mount. The monument is not an imposing marble shaft, as some may imagine, but is a plain slab of native West Virginia stone, nicely engraved and finished in a most Confederate veteran of Randolph County.

PROGRAMME

The United Confederate Veterans and Sons of Confederate Veterans will form a line on the turnpike near Leary house, in command of the Chief Marshall, and will march to the grounds preceded by the Pocahontas Brass Band.

Prayer by Rev Wm. T. Price, Chaplain Pocahontas Confederate Veterans.

Music.

Address by Bishop Peterkin, Chaplain West Virginia Division U. C. V's.

Music.

Address by Major J. E. Harting of Elkins, W. Va.

Music.

Lunch.

The Committee earnestly appeal to the good citizens of Randolph and Pocahontas for each family to bring an ample supply of provisions, that no one may go away hungry.

The following named ladies are appointed a committee for arranging luncheon:

Randolph County: Mrs Pratt Marshall, Mrs Burke Moore, Mrs H. B. Marshall, Mrs S. H. Wood, Mrs Charles Bruce, Mrs Wm. H. Brady, Mrs Harman Conrad, Mrs George See, and Mrs Forrest Beard.

Pocahontas County: Mrs Lou Coyner, Mrs Annette Coyner, Mrs Wm. P. Cameron, Mrs Sam Varner, Mrs John Vandenberg, Mrs M. W. Golewood, Mrs Wm. Varner, Mrs Joe Gay.

A. C. L. GATEWOOD
DR. JOHN LIGON
F. P. MARSHALL
ARTHUR LAWSON
THOMAS COURTNEY
Committee

BROWNS CREK.

Hello, Mr Editor, here we are again after being long absent.

We are having plenty of rain, with cool nights, and corn is not growing fast.

Mrs C. F. Corbett fell off the fence while gathering the corn, and dislocated her right arm at the elbow. Dr Lockridge was called in and set the limb and she is now doing all right.

F. P. Corbett made a business trip to Bath County one day last week.

Frank Moore was visiting his sister, Mrs Lucy Clark on Anthonys Creek last week.

George Curry, who has been at White Sulphur working on the rail road, is at home for a few days.

Price Sheets is seeing a big lot of lumber for W. T. Hight and sons.

Eltha Moore is at home from the Mount Mountain lumber camp.

H. P. McLaughlin attended the Children's Day at Hutersville last Sunday.

Mrs Walter Bird is not improving, as was reported.

J. W. Lowry is making a general visit among his many friends out county.

Salts J.

One of the heaviest wind storms in the memory of many visiting sections of the county last Sunday. In some places corn was much damaged by the falling of trees and broken off. Some trees were blown over, and much fence was broken with the ground. At Jan Hanson's on Buckeye a large maple tree, cut at its base, fell over, crashing in the road, and bringing to rest only one crop of straw in an aggregation of patches of corn, and much damage to the fence. The tree broke in two at the base, and the trunk of the storm a small house built on the hillside here a long time.

TANNERY IN THE AIR

And Maybe It Will Alight at Marlington

May 17, 1902

Leather Co.'s officials here

To Look over the Proposed Site. They Spend a Few Days in the County Visiting Several Points.

E. C. Hoyt, President of the United Leather Company, accompanied by Eugene Horton of New York, has been in the county several days this week looking for a suitable site to establish a big tannery, or perhaps two tanneries. They were at Durbin on Monday, and came to Marlington Tuesday. They took great pains to go over all available ornamental ground thoroughly, but so far as we can learn they dropped no single hint upon which we could hang a hope.

The Company will need 15 or 20 acres of land for the plant. This will include room to build houses for their employees. They will give employment to a large number of men at the tannery, making a small town of itself, and this does not include the small army employed in the woods during the bark season.

A large industry like this is what Marlington is needing, above all other things, and that Marlington is the logical place for a tannery we have not a doubt. The three creeks, Stony, Thorny creek, and Knaps creeks are outlets of a country rich in tan bark, while the Greenbrier Railway will be a feeder from the almost inexhaustible supply of natural Greenbrier.

We sincerely hope that should his company find Marlington a suitable situation for their operations, they will not be driven away by big owners pursuing a short sighted policy by asking an exorbitant price for their land. There are too many other places in the county where the land is to be had for a much less price. The manager of a big labor employing industry knows that a public industry is a necessity to the prosperity of any community, and consequently they ask no odds from any one.

BUCKEYE.

Nice weather, nice showers, everything growing nicely, but pretty cool for July.

Children's Day at the Lovers Church was quite a success, and was attended by a large audience. James Sydenstricker of Academy was here on business Sunday.

John Sydenstricker has moved his saw mill to James Sheet's, and will saw all of it for him.

Will McLaughlin of Marlington was here buying stock recently, and says the dry season is very bad.

Henry Overholt of Academy, is running W. McClinton's saw mill at Clark Kellison's, where he will cut about 15,000 feet of oak and ash.

The Russell Lumber Company is saving for a business. Emory Addison is foreman and foreman in general. You talk about your hysters, but Emory takes the lead. He is learning to play the organ also.

Lanty Cole is spending a few days at home from camp.

Mrs Lavina Beshing of Baltimore is visiting her father Henry Lightner. She was married to her present husband about nine years ago.

G. Douglas McNeil is home for a few days from Washington.

Addison Pencil is working with the engineer's corps on the headwaters of Williams River.

Snowden Kellison, little son of Luther Kellison had the misfortune to get badly burned while playing with a can of kerosene oil about the fire recently. A traveling physician by the name of Dorian was called in to see him, and he is improving rapidly.

Several of the boys are at home from camp waiting for the fourth of July to come.

The Young Brothers are getting along well with their job of cutting for the Greenbrier Company; while Edgar Ad-ridge has been here for a long time, and the men have been busy in getting their beef shavers.

Mrs Brown Gallo of Edray was visiting relatives here.

We understand that the Glensville Lumber Company has sold their lands to the Government to be set aside as a forest reserve.

Ben Bessinger and Jack Addison were in this part recently.

C. K. Joy was visiting at Mr Pennell's Sunday evening.

Mr. Bessinger has gone to the West, and will be back in a few days.

There is a big fair being held at the fair grounds, and many people are going to see it.

There is a big fair being held at the fair grounds, and many people are going to see it.

COUNTY COURT

Held a Busy Term Last Week in Session

For Four Days

County Levy 30 Cents. Bond Tax 30 Cents. Large Financial Statement.

County Court was in session 4 days last week, and had a busy time auditing accounts, laying levy and considering the proposition to build the Stony Den road. This road seems to be an uneasy spirit that can not be laid. The people waited for years for the county to build this road, and at last, by sheer perseverance the road was built. But the railroad came, and as there was no place to build the roadway other than on top the bluff or in the river, that condition corporation took the county road, which led around the face of a cliff and steep mountain side. The cost paid the county \$2000 for the road and the people of Section Seven neighborhood have done without a road ever since, but they have not been silent. This road would also a canal, and it is the Back Allegheny settlement and to the town of Forrest. The Court at a session this spring decided to build this highway, but it saw fit to reject all bids received. Great pressure was brought to bear on the Court at the last term, and the contract is again advertised to be let. There is only between three and four miles to be built, but owing to the lay of the land it will be a right expensive undertaking.

The Court laid a levy of 30c or 30c for county purposes, and a road tax of 40c. Last year the county tax was 35c, while the road tax was 30c. This is 5c less on \$1000 for county purposes than last year.

Most of the time was taken up in auditing claims and attending to other financial business of the county. The financial statement is being this year than ever before. It will be published next week.

BEAVER DAM.

Still in rains and gets cold enough to frost to Marlington today.

E. B. Vanneeman still goes to Spruce Flat, and he says he is going next Sunday.

The Sunday School at Beaver Dam is going on nicely.

Miss Edna Sheets is staying with her aunt Mary Sheets.

Mrs Susan Rodgers made a flying trip to Marlington today.

Miss Annie Addison, who has been sick for some time, is improving we are glad to say.

John and Willie Miller of the Spruce Flat were callers at George W. Rodgers last Saturday night.

Bears have been killing several sheep at this place. They have killed seven for Lee Beard.

The Quarterly Meeting will be held at West Union next Sunday. We hope to see every body come. Rev. Clark will preach two sermons that day.

E. B. Vanneeman called at G. W. Rodgers Monday.

Mountain Girl.

WEST UNION.

Uriah W. Beverage, while cutting brush on his farm on the head of Stony Creek killed a rattlesnake that measured 3 feet 3 inches and had seven rattles and a button, 1/2 inch in diameter, which he kept. He has never seen on Stony Creek that I know of.

It rained again and the waters raised a great deal.

It seems that people can get the corn sold for a better price.

There is plenty of grain in the store in this part this season.

Monmouth Harvies

Hutersville Chronis, MCHASCHB.

Rev H. Lawson, Pastor.

1st Sunday, - Mt. Vernon, 11 a. m.

2nd Sunday, - Hutersville, 7:30 p. m.

3rd Sunday, - Marlington, 11 a. m.

4th Sunday, - Hutersville, 11 a. m.

5th Sunday, - Hutersville, 11 a. m.

6th Sunday, - Hutersville, 11 a. m.

7th Sunday, - Hutersville, 11 a. m.

8th Sunday, - Hutersville, 11 a. m.

9th Sunday, - Hutersville, 11 a. m.

10th Sunday, - Hutersville, 11 a. m.

11th Sunday, - Hutersville, 11 a. m.

12th Sunday, - Hutersville, 11 a. m.

13th Sunday, - Hutersville, 11 a. m.

14th Sunday, - Hutersville, 11 a. m.

15th Sunday, - Hutersville, 11 a. m.

16th Sunday, - Hutersville, 11 a. m.

17th Sunday, - Hutersville, 11 a. m.

18th Sunday, - Hutersville, 11 a. m.

19th Sunday, - Hutersville, 11 a. m.

20th Sunday, - Hutersville, 11 a. m.

21st Sunday, - Hutersville, 11 a. m.

Directory,

STATE GOVERNMENT

Governor, A. B. White
Secretary of State, Wm. M. O.
Dawson
State Supt Free Schools, T. C.
Auditor, A. C. Scherr
Treasurer, Peter S. Baker
Attorney General, Romeo H.
Free
Librarian, G. W. Starks
Commissioner of Banking, M.
A. Kendall
Adjutant General, S. B. Baker
Commissioner of Labor, J. V.
Barton
Chief Mine Inspector, J. W.
Paul
Game Warden, E. F. Smith

U. S. SENATORS

S. E. Elkins, Elkins,
N. B. Scott, Wheeling
CONGRESSMEN
1st B. D. Dwyer, Wheeling
2d A. G. Dayton, Phillips
3d J. A. Humes, Charleston
4th J. A. Humes, Huntington
Supreme Court of Appeals
Henry Brannon, Pres. Weston
Geo. Follenberger, Point Pleasant
H. C. McWhorter, Charleston
Marmaduke H. Dent, Grafton
Term: Charleston, 2nd Wednesday in January; Wheeling, 1st Wednesday in June; Charleston, 1st Wednesday in September.

10th JUDICIAL CIRCUIT

J. M. McWhorter, Judge, Lewisburg
Commencement of Terms
Fayette, 4th Tuesday in February; 3rd Tuesday in May; 2nd Tuesday in September.
Greenbrier, 3rd Tuesday in April; 3rd Tuesday in June; 1st Monday in November.
Monroe, 3rd Tuesday in March; 1st Tuesday in June; 3rd Tuesday in October.
Pocahontas, 1st Tuesday in April; 3rd Tuesday in July; 1st Tuesday in October; 1st Tuesday in January; 1st Tuesday in May; 4th Tuesday in August.

10th SENATORIAL DISTRICT

Counties: Pocahontas, Webster, Braxton, Gilmer, Calhoun.
Hiram Campbell, Calhoun
R. F. Kidd, Senator, Gilmer
COUNTY OFFICERS
Representative in Legislature
J. M. McWhorter, Marlinton
Prosecuting Attorney
T. S. McNeel, Marlinton
Sheriff
E. N. Moore, Danmore
Deputies
Geo. W. Callison, Academy
Safford Smith, Danmore
Clerk Circuit Court
J. H. Patterson, Marlinton
Clerk County Court
S. L. Brown, Marlinton
County Court
Amos Barlow, Pres., Huntersville
M. J. McNeel, Mill Point
John R. Warwick, Greenbank
Term: 1st Tuesday of January; 2nd Tuesday of March; 4th Tuesday of June; 4th Tuesday of September.

Assessor

J. H. Bazzard, Huntersville
Supt Free Schools
Jas W. Warwick, Jr., Edray
Coroner
Geo. P. Moore, Edray
Commissioner School Lands
B. M. Yeager, Marlinton
Notaries
C. L. Gatzwood, Linwood
W. B. Hannah, Yell
Geo. P. Moore, Edray
W. H. Hill, Greenbank
B. W. Hill, A. Hill
C. H. M. Lockridge, Huntersville
C. M. K. K. Marlinton
Virgil Hill
N. McNeel
T. S. McNeel
Andrew Price
W. A. Baxter
S. B. Scott, Jr.
B. M. Yeager
W. Yeager
Geo. E. Gay
J. A. Spindler
Helen Schuler
P. H. Hunter
Peter Hill, James
F. F. Patterson, Huntersville
Geo. Bazzard, Clarks
E. S. Sneyd, Front
S. B. Arlberg, Clarks
S. F. F. Patterson
Dr. F. H. McNeel
W. L. Brown, Linwood
S. C. Cochran, Locust
N. B. Brown, Millpoint
M. J. McNeel
J. S. Baker, Huntersville
C. B. Bazzard, Danmore
Samuel Bazzard, Danmore
John F. Townsend, Trafton
Recorder
John Bazzard, Bazzard
J. B. Brown, Greenbank
John F. Bazzard, Edray
J. A. Spindler, Edray
J. A. Spindler, Edray

Huntersville—O. B. Sharp,
Pres.; W. A. G. Sharp, S. P. Cur-
rier, W. H. Grose, Secy.
Lewis—Leas, McNeel, Pres.;
Dr. F. T. McNeel, G. W. Call-
son, W. R. Ruckman, Secy.,
Jury Commissioners

James McNeel, S. B. Moore
Commissioners in Chancery
W. A. Bratton, N. C. McNeel,
S. B. Scott, Jr., F. R. Hill,
Commissioners of Accounts
J. H. Patterson, L. M. McClint-
ock, General Receiver
Levi Gay, Marlinton
County Surveyor
George Baxter, Onoto
Board of Health
Dr. Ligon, Pres.; E. N. Moores,
T. S. McNeel, Amos Barlow, W.
H. Aldridge.

(Edray Circuit—M. E. Church,
at Sunday, Edray 11 a. m.; Wes-
Union 3 p. m.; 4th Sunday, Elk re-
jo 3 a. m.; Saturday, 3 p. m.; 5th
Sunday, Childrens Day, 10 a. m.
to 3 p. m.
Rev G. P. Moore will fill my ap-
pointment on the fourth Sunday
at West Union and Laurel Creek.
Prayer meeting at Edray every
Wednesday, 8 p. m. We will be-
gin the study of the first epistle of
John Wednesday night.
A. M. Crabtree, Pastor.

By Divine permission the writer
will preach at the M. E. Church,
South Marlinton, the 8th Sunday
in June at 8 o'clock p. m.
Childrens Day at Berth (Swa-
go) 5th Sunday in June at 10 o-
clock a. m.
Preaching (D. V.) at Riverside
the first Sunday in July at 3:30 p.
m.; at Seebert at 8 p. m.
OLIVER LOWTHER,
Pastor M. E. Church.

CITIZENS TRUST AND GUARANTEE COM- PANY OF WEST VIRGINIA.

This company will furnish bonds
of all county, state and municipal
officers; fiduciary bonds, such as
administrators, guardians, etc.;
contract bonds of all kinds; attach-
ment bonds, including bonds in
junction bonds; bank officials,
contractors bonds, treasurers, etc.
T. S. McNEEL,
Agent for Pocahontas County.

Furniture and Undertaking.

The Pocahontas Furniture Com-
pany is carrying a large and com-
plete line of fine furniture, Sewing
Machines, etc. at right prices.
We carry a large line of matings
Wall Paper:
Every week we send out an order
for Wall paper. Call and see our
samples, and let us include you in
our order.
Undertaking Department
Our Undertaking Department is
the most complete of any ever in
the county. We carry to stock all
the time of all kinds. We want
to call special attention to our
Complete Line of Childrens Coffins.
We make a specialty of Burial Suits
and have a nice supply on hand.
All arrangements made for Funer-
als entrusted to our care.
Respectfully,
Pocahontas Furniture Co.
Marlinton, W. Va.

A PROBLEM.

Did you ever figure out how
much you would save by putting
your best on a paying basis?
Take one live for instance: It
is a good year, and the colors
strong enough to keep months in
check, upon killing in the 10
you get about 300 pounds of good
feed, and sufficient honey mixed
up with the honey of another
and feed. You can count on a
best 30 pounds of good honey.
Have this same colony in the
month of May in one of our im-

Wreck of No 9
In Memory of the Crew.
By F. S. LUMLIN.
The following poem was hand-
ed with the request that it be
printed by a prominent citizen who
visited the scene of this awful
wreck, which occurred on the
James River Division of the C.
and O. last winter.
No. 9 was bound for Clifton Forge
With her precious human load,
The crew was right on duty
To see her over the road.
Just five miles west of Lynchburg
There was an awful slide,
It thundered down the mountain
While the James was full and
wide.

six noble men were the train's
crew
With steady nerve like iron—
Around the rugged hills they sped
Not knowing of the harm
The rain and wind was awful.
The night was black as ink,
The hour belied schedule-time
The engine idled and clunked
One mile ahead around a curve
The stone with force came down
And as still as death lay on the
track.
To stop the engine's bound.
The roaring waters were rising
fast
Up level with the track,
Mr. Rule, the noble fireman,
With black diamond led the pack.
The engine struck with mighty
force
The boulder so near the crests
Cries for help then rent the air
And lanterns flashed their gleam
The engineer, with steady hand,
George Fisher was his name—
Faithful to duty until the last,
He never was to blame.
Brakeman Gordon was fleeing
back
To give the Company news,
The swollen stream and driving
rain
Had drenched him to his shoes,
Conductor Whitaker called for
to save life and Company's
stock;
Like lightning down the mountain
side
Then came the second shock.
Another boulder with terrific force
Came down upon the scene
The captain with roaring mass
Was hurled into the stream.
While he drifted down to death
He called back to the crew
And his family good by
The dearest ones he knew.
As his farewell words were heard
Where waters curl and pound,
His body plunged over the falling
foam
And never has been found.
A piercing cry rose from the
wreck
Which made man's blood grow
chill.
The dying men for mercy plead
Or begged to be killed.
Neal Thompson was the baggage-
man,
And his car was tossed
Deep down into the waters dark,
His friends now mourn his loss.
Young Harry Shannon lost his life
The noble messenger man,
The shock to friends and relatives
Was all that they could stand.
In press dispatch the news went
out,
With speed of shooting stars,
The news of wreck and death was
heard
By the ticking of the wires.
The daily papers caught the words
And filled their valued space,
They told the saddest details
Of the train and her fate.
The people read the awful news
And like a fire ran
They exchanged the grievous news
With sympathy and love.

Wreck of No 9
In Memory of the Crew.
By F. S. LUMLIN.
The following poem was hand-
ed with the request that it be
printed by a prominent citizen who
visited the scene of this awful
wreck, which occurred on the
James River Division of the C.
and O. last winter.
No. 9 was bound for Clifton Forge
With her precious human load,
The crew was right on duty
To see her over the road.
Just five miles west of Lynchburg
There was an awful slide,
It thundered down the mountain
While the James was full and
wide.

Wreck of No 9
In Memory of the Crew.
By F. S. LUMLIN.
The following poem was hand-
ed with the request that it be
printed by a prominent citizen who
visited the scene of this awful
wreck, which occurred on the
James River Division of the C.
and O. last winter.
No. 9 was bound for Clifton Forge
With her precious human load,
The crew was right on duty
To see her over the road.
Just five miles west of Lynchburg
There was an awful slide,
It thundered down the mountain
While the James was full and
wide.

Wreck of No 9
In Memory of the Crew.
By F. S. LUMLIN.
The following poem was hand-
ed with the request that it be
printed by a prominent citizen who
visited the scene of this awful
wreck, which occurred on the
James River Division of the C.
and O. last winter.
No. 9 was bound for Clifton Forge
With her precious human load,
The crew was right on duty
To see her over the road.
Just five miles west of Lynchburg
There was an awful slide,
It thundered down the mountain
While the James was full and
wide.

Wreck of No 9
In Memory of the Crew.
By F. S. LUMLIN.
The following poem was hand-
ed with the request that it be
printed by a prominent citizen who
visited the scene of this awful
wreck, which occurred on the
James River Division of the C.
and O. last winter.
No. 9 was bound for Clifton Forge
With her precious human load,
The crew was right on duty
To see her over the road.
Just five miles west of Lynchburg
There was an awful slide,
It thundered down the mountain
While the James was full and
wide.

Wreck of No 9
In Memory of the Crew.
By F. S. LUMLIN.
The following poem was hand-
ed with the request that it be
printed by a prominent citizen who
visited the scene of this awful
wreck, which occurred on the
James River Division of the C.
and O. last winter.
No. 9 was bound for Clifton Forge
With her precious human load,
The crew was right on duty
To see her over the road.
Just five miles west of Lynchburg
There was an awful slide,
It thundered down the mountain
While the James was full and
wide.

Wreck of No 9
In Memory of the Crew.
By F. S. LUMLIN.
The following poem was hand-
ed with the request that it be
printed by a prominent citizen who
visited the scene of this awful
wreck, which occurred on the
James River Division of the C.
and O. last winter.
No. 9 was bound for Clifton Forge
With her precious human load,
The crew was right on duty
To see her over the road.
Just five miles west of Lynchburg
There was an awful slide,
It thundered down the mountain
While the James was full and
wide.

Wreck of No 9
In Memory of the Crew.
By F. S. LUMLIN.
The following poem was hand-
ed with the request that it be
printed by a prominent citizen who
visited the scene of this awful
wreck, which occurred on the
James River Division of the C.
and O. last winter.
No. 9 was bound for Clifton Forge
With her precious human load,
The crew was right on duty
To see her over the road.
Just five miles west of Lynchburg
There was an awful slide,
It thundered down the mountain
While the James was full and
wide.

The King's Garden
"Grandma, tell me a story."
"Very well, I'll tell you a story
I read long ago.
"Was it about bears and lions?
"No, no lions in this story come
and sit down by my side and I'll
tell you all about it.
Grandma pushed her spectacles
up on the top of her head. Little
Grace always thought this very
funny and wondered what good
they did there. Now, however,
she was too much interested in
the coming story to make any com-
ments. Grandma took the little
girl's hand in hers and said:
"Was once a great king named Bo-
nus, who had a large and beautiful
garden.
"It was as large as my papa's
garden."
"Oh, yes, ever so many times
larger than this whole city.
It was so large that you could not
see to the end of it."
The King Bonus loved this garden
very much, and he did everything
he could to make it beautiful. He
never spared any expense. He
had large and choice trees brought
from a great distance, no matter
how many men it required or how
long it took. The garden was
people were kept constantly em-
ployed collecting beautiful flowers
while delicate, graceful vines were
trained over arbors and all one
bower of sweetness. The King often
walked in this garden after the
labors of the day were over, and
he was a very busy king and never
tired of helping his people. He
said it rested him to look at the
garden towering up in the air
with the perfumes of the vines
and flowers renewed his youth and
strength. Little birds of many
kinds sang their sweetest songs
here and the King listened and
smiled. A calm, clear river ran
through the garden and watered
it, while beautiful fountains sent
their spray away up into the air,
making perpetual rainbows. He
can't say what a delightful
place this garden was. The King
thought many other gardens, but
he loved this one a little bet-
ter than the others because he had
done more for it. You see his
son was the one who took
charge of the garden, and he loved
it because his son loved it, and
he loved it because his father loved
it and had promised it to him.
One day the King went to
this garden to rest in the cool of
the evening. He noticed a change
everything seemed to be dying,
look which way he would, the
trees, and flowers were withering.
At first the King thought he was
dreaming. He rubbed his eyes
and looked again. No, it was not
dreaming, he knew he was a-
wake, so he went to the oak tree
and said: "What is the matter,
why do you look so dry and thin-
ny?"
"Hatter enough," growled the
oak. "Here I have been growing
and growing all these years, and
never a drop of rain or a drop of
water. There is that little stream
of a pear tree down there, so little
that you can't see it, but it has
my back to see it, and I feel
beautiful fruit, while I, great big
oak, have nothing but dead lit-
tle little nuts. It is only for the
moment all animals to eat. I am
tired and disappointed and have
made up my mind to try no more."

The King's Garden
"Grandma, tell me a story."
"Very well, I'll tell you a story
I read long ago.
"Was it about bears and lions?
"No, no lions in this story come
and sit down by my side and I'll
tell you all about it.
Grandma pushed her spectacles
up on the top of her head. Little
Grace always thought this very
funny and wondered what good
they did there. Now, however,
she was too much interested in
the coming story to make any com-
ments. Grandma took the little
girl's hand in hers and said:
"Was once a great king named Bo-
nus, who had a large and beautiful
garden.
"It was as large as my papa's
garden."
"Oh, yes, ever so many times
larger than this whole city.
It was so large that you could not
see to the end of it."
The King Bonus loved this garden
very much, and he did everything
he could to make it beautiful. He
never spared any expense. He
had large and choice trees brought
from a great distance, no matter
how many men it required or how
long it took. The garden was
people were kept constantly em-
ployed collecting beautiful flowers
while delicate, graceful vines were
trained over arbors and all one
bower of sweetness. The King often
walked in this garden after the
labors of the day were over, and
he was a very busy king and never
tired of helping his people. He
said it rested him to look at the
garden towering up in the air
with the perfumes of the vines
and flowers renewed his youth and
strength. Little birds of many
kinds sang their sweetest songs
here and the King listened and
smiled. A calm, clear river ran
through the garden and watered
it, while beautiful fountains sent
their spray away up into the air,
making perpetual rainbows. He
can't say what a delightful
place this garden was. The King
thought many other gardens, but
he loved this one a little bet-
ter than the others because he had
done more for it. You see his
son was the one who took
charge of the garden, and he loved
it because his son loved it, and
he loved it because his father loved
it and had promised it to him.
One day the King went to
this garden to rest in the cool of
the evening. He noticed a change
everything seemed to be dying,
look which way he would, the
trees, and flowers were withering.
At first the King thought he was
dreaming. He rubbed his eyes
and looked again. No, it was not
dreaming, he knew he was a-
wake, so he went to the oak tree
and said: "What is the matter,
why do you look so dry and thin-
ny?"
"Hatter enough," growled the
oak. "Here I have been growing
and growing all these years, and
never a drop of rain or a drop of
water. There is that little stream
of a pear tree down there, so little
that you can't see it, but it has
my back to see it, and I feel
beautiful fruit, while I, great big
oak, have nothing but dead lit-
tle little nuts. It is only for the
moment all animals to eat. I am
tired and disappointed and have
made up my mind to try no more."

The King's Garden
"Grandma, tell me a story."
"Very well, I'll tell you a story
I read long ago.
"Was it about bears and lions?
"No, no lions in this story come
and sit down by my side and I'll
tell you all about it.
Grandma pushed her spectacles
up on the top of her head. Little
Grace always thought this very
funny and wondered what good
they did there. Now, however,
she was too much interested in
the coming story to make any com-
ments. Grandma took the little
girl's hand in hers and said:
"Was once a great king named Bo-
nus, who had a large and beautiful
garden.
"It was as large as my papa's
garden."
"Oh, yes, ever so many times
larger than this whole city.
It was so large that you could not
see to the end of it."
The King Bonus loved this garden
very much, and he did everything
he could to make it beautiful. He
never spared any expense. He
had large and choice trees brought
from a great distance, no matter
how many men it required or how
long it took. The garden was
people were kept constantly em-
ployed collecting beautiful flowers
while delicate, graceful vines were
trained over arbors and all one
bower of sweetness. The King often
walked in this garden after the
labors of the day were over, and
he was a very busy king and never
tired of helping his people. He
said it rested him to look at the
garden towering up in the air
with the perfumes of the vines
and flowers renewed his youth and
strength. Little birds of many
kinds sang their sweetest songs
here and the King listened and
smiled. A calm, clear river ran
through the garden and watered
it, while beautiful fountains sent
their spray away up into the air,
making perpetual rainbows. He
can't say what a delightful
place this garden was. The King
thought many other gardens, but
he loved this one a little bet-
ter than the others because he had
done more for it. You see his
son was the one who took
charge of the garden, and he loved
it because his son loved it, and
he loved it because his father loved
it and had promised it to him.
One day the King went to
this garden to rest in the cool of
the evening. He noticed a change
everything seemed to be dying,
look which way he would, the
trees, and flowers were withering.
At first the King thought he was
dreaming. He rubbed his eyes
and looked again. No, it was not
dreaming, he knew he was a-
wake, so he went to the oak tree
and said: "What is the matter,
why do you look so dry and thin-
ny?"
"Hatter enough," growled the
oak. "Here I have been growing
and growing all these years, and
never a drop of rain or a drop of
water. There is that little stream
of a pear tree down there, so little
that you can't see it, but it has
my back to see it, and I feel
beautiful fruit, while I, great big
oak, have nothing but dead lit-
tle little nuts. It is only for the
moment all animals to eat. I am
tired and disappointed and have
made up my mind to try no more."

The King's Garden
"Grandma, tell me a story."
"Very well, I'll tell you a story
I read long ago.
"Was it about bears and lions?
"No, no lions in this story come
and sit down by my side and I'll
tell you all about it.
Grandma pushed her spectacles
up on the top of her head. Little
Grace always thought this very
funny and wondered what good
they did there. Now, however,
she was too much interested in
the coming story to make any com-
ments. Grandma took the little
girl's hand in hers and said:
"Was once a great king named Bo-
nus, who had a large and beautiful
garden.
"It was as large as my papa's
garden."
"Oh, yes, ever so many times
larger than this whole city.
It was so large that you could not
see to the end of it."
The King Bonus loved this garden
very much, and he did everything
he could to make it beautiful. He
never spared any expense. He
had large and choice trees brought
from a great distance, no matter
how many men it required or how
long it took. The garden was
people were kept constantly em-
ployed collecting beautiful flowers
while delicate, graceful vines were
trained over arbors and all one
bower of sweetness. The King often
walked in this garden after the
labors of the day were over, and
he was a very busy king and never
tired of helping his people. He
said it rested him to look at the
garden towering up in the air
with the perfumes of the vines
and flowers renewed his youth and
strength. Little birds of many
kinds sang their sweetest songs
here and the King listened and
smiled. A calm, clear river ran
through the garden and watered
it, while beautiful fountains sent
their spray away up into the air,
making perpetual rainbows. He
can't say what a delightful
place this garden was. The King
thought many other gardens, but
he loved this one a little bet-
ter than the others because he had
done more for it. You see his
son was the one who took
charge of the garden, and he loved
it because his son loved it, and
he loved it because his father loved
it and had promised it to him.
One day the King went to
this garden to rest in the cool of
the evening. He noticed a change
everything seemed to be dying,
look which way he would, the
trees, and flowers were withering.
At first the King thought he was
dreaming. He rubbed his eyes
and looked again. No, it was not
dreaming, he knew he was a-
wake, so he went to the oak tree
and said: "What is the matter,
why do you look so dry and thin-
ny?"
"Hatter enough," growled the
oak. "Here I have been growing
and growing all these years, and
never a drop of rain or a drop of
water. There is that little stream
of a pear tree down there, so little
that you can't see it, but it has
my back to see it, and I feel
beautiful fruit, while I, great big
oak, have nothing but dead lit-
tle little nuts. It is only for the
moment all animals to eat. I am
tired and disappointed and have
made up my mind to try no more."

The King's Garden
"Grandma, tell me a story."
"Very well, I'll tell you a story
I read long ago.
"Was it about bears and lions?
"No, no lions in this story come
and sit down by my side and I'll
tell you all about it.
Grandma pushed her spectacles
up on the top of her head. Little
Grace always thought this very
funny and wondered what good
they did there. Now, however,
she was too much interested in
the coming story to make any com-
ments. Grandma took the little
girl's hand in hers and said:
"Was once a great king named Bo-
nus, who had a large and beautiful
garden.
"It was as large as my papa's
garden."
"Oh, yes, ever so many times
larger than this whole city.
It was so large that you could not
see to the end of it."
The King Bonus loved this garden
very much, and he did everything
he could to make it beautiful. He
never spared any expense. He
had large and choice trees brought
from a great distance, no matter
how many men it required or how
long it took. The garden was
people were kept constantly em-
ployed collecting beautiful flowers
while delicate, graceful vines were
trained over arbors and all one
bower of sweetness. The King often
walked in this garden after the
labors of the day were over, and
he was a very busy king and never
tired of helping his people. He
said it rested him to look at the
garden towering up in the air
with the perfumes of the vines
and flowers renewed his youth and
strength. Little birds of many
kinds sang their sweetest songs
here and the King listened and
smiled. A calm, clear river ran
through the garden and watered
it, while beautiful fountains sent
their spray away up into the air,
making perpetual rainbows. He
can't say what a delightful
place this garden was. The King
thought many other gardens, but
he loved this one a little bet-
ter than the others because he had
done more for it. You see his
son was the one who took
charge of the garden, and he loved
it because his son loved it, and
he loved it because his father loved
it and had promised it to him.
One day the King went to
this garden to rest in the cool of
the evening. He noticed a change
everything seemed to be dying,
look which way he would, the
trees, and flowers were withering.
At first the King thought he was
dreaming. He rubbed his eyes
and looked again. No, it was not
dreaming, he knew he was a-
wake, so he went to the oak tree
and said: "What is the matter,
why do you look so dry and thin-
ny?"
"Hatter enough," growled the
oak. "Here I have been growing
and growing all these years, and
never a drop of rain or a drop of
water. There is that little stream
of a pear tree down there, so little
that you can't see it, but it has
my back to see it, and I feel
beautiful fruit, while I, great big
oak, have nothing but dead lit-
tle little nuts. It is only for the
moment all animals to eat. I am
tired and disappointed and have
made up my mind to try no more."

The King's Garden
"Grandma, tell me a story."
"Very well, I'll tell you a story
I read long ago.
"Was it about bears and lions?
"No, no lions in this story come
and sit down by my side and I'll
tell you all about it.
Grandma pushed her spectacles
up on the top of her head. Little
Grace always thought this very
funny and wondered what good
they did there. Now, however,
she was too much interested in
the coming story to make any com-
ments. Grandma took the little
girl's hand in hers and said:
"Was once a great king named Bo-
nus, who had a large and beautiful
garden.
"It was as large as my papa's
garden."
"Oh, yes, ever so many times
larger than this whole city.
It was so large that you could not
see to the end of it."
The King Bonus loved this garden
very much, and he did everything
he could to make it beautiful. He
never spared any expense. He
had large and choice trees brought
from a great distance, no matter
how many men it required or how
long it took. The garden was
people were kept constantly em-
ployed collecting beautiful flowers
while delicate, graceful vines were
trained over arbors and all one
bower of sweetness. The King often
walked in this garden after the
labors of the day were over, and
he was a very busy king and never
tired of helping his people. He
said it rested him to look at the
garden towering up in the air
with the perfumes of the vines
and flowers renewed his youth and
strength. Little birds of many
kinds sang their sweetest songs
here and the King listened and
smiled. A calm, clear river ran
through the garden and watered
it, while beautiful fountains sent
their spray away up into the air,
making perpetual rainbows. He
can't say what a delightful
place this garden was. The King
thought many other gardens, but
he loved this one a little bet-
ter than the others because he had
done more for it. You see his
son was the one who took
charge of the garden, and he loved
it because his son loved it, and
he loved it because his father loved
it and had promised it to him.
One day the King went to
this garden to rest in the cool of
the evening. He noticed a change
everything seemed to be dying,
look which way he would, the
trees, and flowers were withering.
At first the King thought he was
dreaming. He rubbed his eyes
and looked again. No, it was not
dreaming, he knew he was a-
wake, so he went to the oak tree
and said: "What is the matter,
why do you look so dry and thin-
ny?"
"Hatter enough," growled the
oak. "Here I have been growing
and growing all these years, and
never a drop of rain or a drop of
water. There is that little stream
of a pear tree down there, so little
that you can't see it, but it has
my back to see it, and I feel
beautiful fruit, while I, great big
oak, have nothing but dead lit-
tle little nuts. It is only for the
moment all animals to eat. I am
tired and disappointed and have
made up my mind to try no more."

The King's Garden
"Grandma, tell me a story."
"Very well, I'll tell you a story
I read long ago.
"Was it about bears and lions?
"No, no lions in this story come
and sit down by my side and I'll
tell you all about it.
Grandma pushed her spectacles
up on the top of her head. Little
Grace always thought this very
funny and wondered what good
they did there. Now, however,
she was too much interested in
the coming story to make any com-
ments. Grandma took the little
girl's hand in hers and said:
"Was once a great king named Bo-
nus, who had a large and beautiful
garden.
"It was as large as my papa's
garden."
"Oh, yes, ever so many times
larger than this whole city.
It was so large that you could not
see to the end of it."
The King Bonus loved this garden
very much, and he did everything
he could to make it beautiful. He
never spared any expense. He
had large and choice trees brought
from a great distance, no matter
how many men it required or how
long it took. The garden was
people were kept constantly em-
ployed collecting beautiful flowers
while delicate, graceful vines were
trained over arbors and all one
bower of sweetness. The King often
walked in this garden after the
labors of the day were over, and
he was a very busy king and never
tired of helping his people. He
said it rested him to look at the
garden towering up in the air
with the perfumes of the vines
and flowers renewed his youth and
strength. Little birds of many
kinds sang their sweetest songs
here and the King listened and
smiled. A calm, clear river ran
through the garden and watered
it, while beautiful fountains sent
their spray away up into the air,
making perpetual rainbows. He
can't say what a delightful
place this garden was. The King
thought many other gardens, but
he loved this one a little bet-
ter than the others because he had
done more for it. You see his
son was the one who took
charge of the garden, and he loved
it because his son loved it, and
he loved it because his father loved
it and had promised it to him.
One day the King went to
this garden to rest in the cool of
the evening. He noticed a change
everything seemed to be dying,
look which way he would, the
trees, and flowers were withering.
At first the King thought he was
dreaming. He rubbed his eyes
and looked again. No, it was not
dreaming, he knew he was a-
wake, so he went to the oak tree
and said: "What is the matter,
why do you look so dry and thin-
ny?"
"Hatter enough," growled the
oak. "Here I have been growing
and growing all these years, and
never a drop of rain or a drop of
water. There is that little stream
of a pear tree down there, so little
that you can't see it, but it has
my back to see it, and I feel
beautiful fruit, while I, great big
oak, have nothing but dead lit-
tle little nuts. It is only for the
moment all animals to eat. I am
tired and disappointed and have
made up my mind to try no more."

The King's Garden
"Grandma, tell me a story."
"Very well, I'll tell you a story
I read long ago.
"Was it about bears and lions?
"No, no lions in this story come
and sit down by my side and I'll
tell you all about it.
Grandma pushed her spectacles
up on the top of her head. Little
Grace always thought this very
funny and wondered what good
they did there. Now, however,
she was too much interested in
the coming story to make any com-
ments. Grandma took the little
girl's hand in hers and said:
"Was once a great king named Bo-
nus, who had a large and beautiful
garden.
"It was as large as my papa's
garden."
"Oh, yes, ever so many times
larger than this whole city.
It was so large that you could not
see to the end of it."
The King Bonus loved this garden
very much, and he did everything
he could to make it beautiful. He
never spared any expense. He
had large and choice trees brought
from a great distance, no matter
how many men it required or how
long it took. The garden was
people were kept constantly em-
ployed collecting beautiful flowers
while delicate, graceful vines were
trained over arbors and all one
bower of sweetness. The King often
walked in this garden after the
labors of the day were over, and
he was a very busy king and never
tired of helping his people. He
said it rested him to look at the
garden towering up in the air
with the perfumes of the vines
and flowers renewed his youth and
strength. Little birds of many
kinds sang their sweetest songs
here and the King listened and
smiled. A calm, clear river ran
through the garden and watered
it, while beautiful fountains sent
their spray away up into the air,
making perpetual rainbows. He
can't say what a delightful
place this garden was. The King
thought many other gardens, but
he loved this one a little bet-
ter than the others because he had
done more for it. You see his
son was the one who took
charge of the garden, and he loved
it because his son loved it, and
he loved it because his father loved
it and had promised it to him.
One day the King went to
this garden to rest in the cool of
the evening. He noticed a change
everything seemed to be dying,
look which way he would, the
trees, and flowers were withering.
At first the King thought he was
dreaming. He rubbed his eyes
and looked again. No, it was not
dreaming, he knew he was a-
wake, so he went to the oak tree
and said: "What is the matter,
why do you look so dry and thin-
ny?"
"Hatter enough," growled the
oak. "Here I have been growing
and growing all these years, and
never a drop of rain or a drop of
water. There is that little stream
of a pear tree down there, so little
that you can't see it, but it has
my back to see it, and I feel
beautiful fruit, while I, great big
oak, have nothing but dead lit-
tle little nuts. It is only for the
moment all animals to eat. I am
tired and disappointed and have
made up my mind to try no more."

The King's Garden
"Grandma, tell me a story."
"Very well, I'll tell you a story
I read long ago.
"Was it about bears and lions?
"No, no lions in this story come
and sit down by my side and